#### Them Was the Happy Days!" By Clare Victor Dwiggins

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## The Jarr Family

The Jarrs Begin the Day in a Way That Promises All Manner of Tragic Things Before Nightfall

Mrs. Jarr then flounced over to the

"Oh, yes," she said, "I remember

"It's evident I can't wear it again if

done with it?"

By Roy L. McCardell.

Ow, look at that drawer!"

oried Mrs. Jarr, and she came
in the closet unless I had put it there. to where Mr. Jarr was You leave everything lying around for

laboriously select- me to pick up. One would think I had ing a necktle for nothing to do all the day long but to the day from a follow you around picking up after you. For goodness sake! Get the other were not one again till it's cleaned. It's all good enough to spots and it needs pressing!"

wear and were too good to throw away. The kind you have in quantity.

She edged in be-

she edged in be-side him while he Jarr. was mooning over | "I can't find the brown suit, dear." a gray tie that was string drawn, and he said, finally.

The said of the said ands, straightened up the top drawer word you give me more trouble than of the chiffoniar with a few deft passes the children!"

But I say, you know," said Mr. Jarr, closet and with agile hands and X-ray "Well, wear this one!" said Mrs. "Well, wear this one!" said Mrs. "Well, the little mysteries. linking, "I have to hav a tie." "Well, wear this one!" said Mrs. "Well, it's not here," she said Jarr, yanking out a Christmas gift red presently. "Now, what could you have

Bon't you think it's just a little too Mr. Jarr said nothing, and Mrs. Jarr naked Mr. Jarr.

knitted her brow in thought. "Well, for goodness sake! Take what you want, but please don't get that now, I gave it to a man for some drawer all mussed up again. I just enamelware things. You couldn't wear straightened it!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. | it again." So the tamed man gingerly drew out the ravelling blue tie and started to the "I-cash-clo'-for-kitchenware" man choke himself to death with it. For he has it," said Mr. Jarr, resignedly. ad on one of those collars that have "Well, it's a good thing somebody a grip in the fold that permit no neck-ite to slip through to adjustment. got some good out of it. You weren't wearing it, and it was only hanging in

"Talk of women being vain," Mrs. the closet attracting moths. Oh, dear: Jarr went on, as the poor man, with What will I do with the man?" popping eyes, tugged at the micking Mr. Jarr could not solve this everravat before the mirror. "Well, the lasting question for his good men are worse! Are you going to let was working as expeditiously as he

That the top of that chiffonier? Give could on himself with the whisk broomme that brush!"

He had done fairly well with himself with the whisk broomme that brush!"

He had done fairly well with himself with the whisk broomme that brush!"

Mr. Jarr had by this time ceased to in front, but his efforts to reach around the country had been back. space between the four-in-hand fold "Why don't you go in the hall to over that showed two inches of shirt brush yourself?" asked Mrs. Jarr. top and his rollar button, and war es- "You get everything full of lint and

Having taken the brush from him, the back of your trousers?" Mrs. Jarr stuck the comb in it and "I hung them on the back of the placed it on the chiffonier with a bang chair last night," said Mr. Jarr.

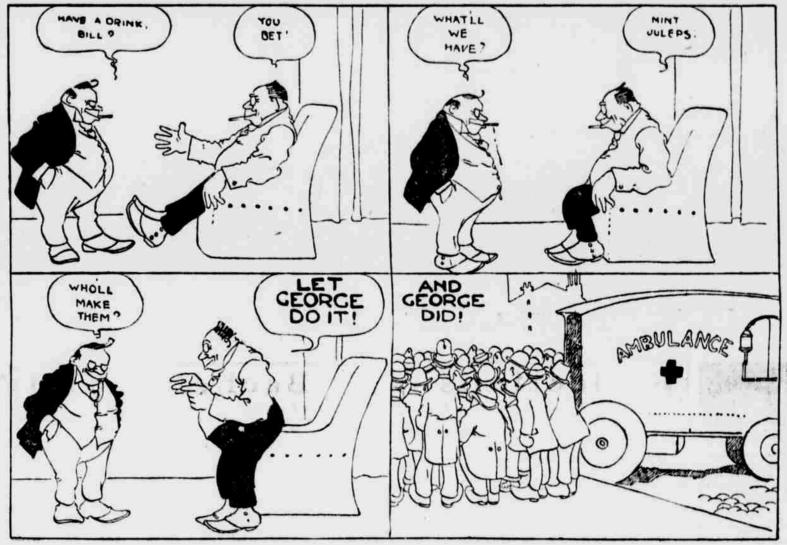
you again, if you dare!" suit again?" she now asked, eying do come on to breakfast! You keep

condition you do? Why don't you wear criticise you, how you look, or whether

Let George Do It!

By George McManus

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### "All the World's a Stage." (Little Comedies of Every Day.)

By Alma Woodward.

Coppright, 1911, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York World)

Scene: Dr. Pullit's office. Characters: Dr. Pullit, Mrs. Graves and lady

clothes to put on as I have.

(Attendant coughs discreetly.) Doctor (getting down to business)-What it is? A cavity, Mrs. Graves? Mrs. G. (volubly)-Yes, what do you You know how perfect my teeth are, doctor. I was so distressed to find it! Does it hurt to have a tooth filled, doc-

Doctor-No-of course not! Mrs. G .- I was foolish to ask a question like that—as though a dentist is going to say anything hurts!
(The doctor fusses around the chair

and waits for Mrs. Graves to remove jumps into space—then silence, her hat.) Mrs. G. (confidentially to attendant)-Does it hurt to have a tooth filled, my

Attendant (gravely)-Certainly not.

madam-we have children coming here every day in the week to have teeth Mrs. G. (hopefully)-Small children?

Attendant-Very small, madam. (Mrs. Graves finally removes her headgear and delivers it into the attend-

in the chair, Mrs. Graves, we'll have a wen't you? look at the teeth. promise not to wind it up and tip me

back. I hate that' Mrs. Graves, I have to tip it back to ery, has he? get the proper light and a safe grip. Rogers—Yes, with ever Mrs. G. (shricking mildly)—Grip! My has seen his wife.—Life.

Woman-Born to Suffer! | heavens! (To attendant)-My dear, is the pain over severe enough to scream Attendant (blandly)-Never, madam!

(Mrs. Graves seats herself in the chair. The doctor produces several linen ns. G. (pouting)-Now, doctor, Mrs. Graves turns pale.) squares, then starts to raise the chair, Mrs. G. (anxiously)-I don't think it

man-if you had as many is absolutely necessary to do that, doctor. I'm not particular about the lightit doesn't metter if the filling isn't so exact-my husband isn't particular, either! (The doctor, ignoring her nervousness

continues to raise the chair.) Mrs. G. (almost tearfully)-It really isn't going to hurt, is it doctor? Doctor (soothingly)-Not a bit, den

Mrs. G. familing up at him coquettish ly)-You sweet man-you wouldn't hurt a little woman like me, would you?

(The doctor seizes his implements and looks over the ground. Suddenly there is a hair-raising shrick, a violet mass Mrs. G. (caressing her jaw)-Well, did you fill it?

Doctor (vexed)-My dear madam, I'm dear? Tell me the truth, there's a good no magician-I simply touched the

Mrs. G. (meaning)-Can't you give me Doctor-Only when I pull a tooth,

Mrs. G.-Well, pull it, then. Doctor flut it's a crime to pull a

tooth in such good condition? Mrs. G. (coldly)-It's my tooth, but't Pull it, please? (Her mood chang-Doctor (cheerfully)—Now, if you'll sit cheek)—You'll pull it, doctor, dear

Doutge (mentally) -- -- !!

HOW HE ACQUIRED IT.

Rogers-Yes, with every one who

#### The Phantom of the Opera By Gaston Leroux Author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room," etc.

chair last night," said Mr. Jarr.

"Somebody was at them and let them drop on the carpet."

"Somebody was at them and let them drop on the carpet."

"Are you dare."

"Are you going to wear that blue suit arisin?" she now asked, eying ast o who had been "at them." "Well, ask to who had the constant to who had been had been to the had the constant to who had been had b

After or "The Marker of the Age o

A Control.

A Small Income.

A Small Inc

In the Torture Chamber.

The Persian's Narrative Continued.)

It was in the middle of a little also we can a room, the sides of which were covered with infrors from top to bottom. In the corners we could clearly see the "poins" in the glasses, the segments intended to turn on their gear yea. I recognized them and I recognized the iron tree in the corner, at the bottom of one of those seaments. \*\*

The iron tree with its iron branch, for the iron tree, with its iron branch, for without the strength to cry out, while

# "Liking" Is Not Enouch.

Betty Vincent's

Advice to Lovers.

that the marriage is a desirable one.